



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

TV'S KING OF JUNGLE ADVENTURE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

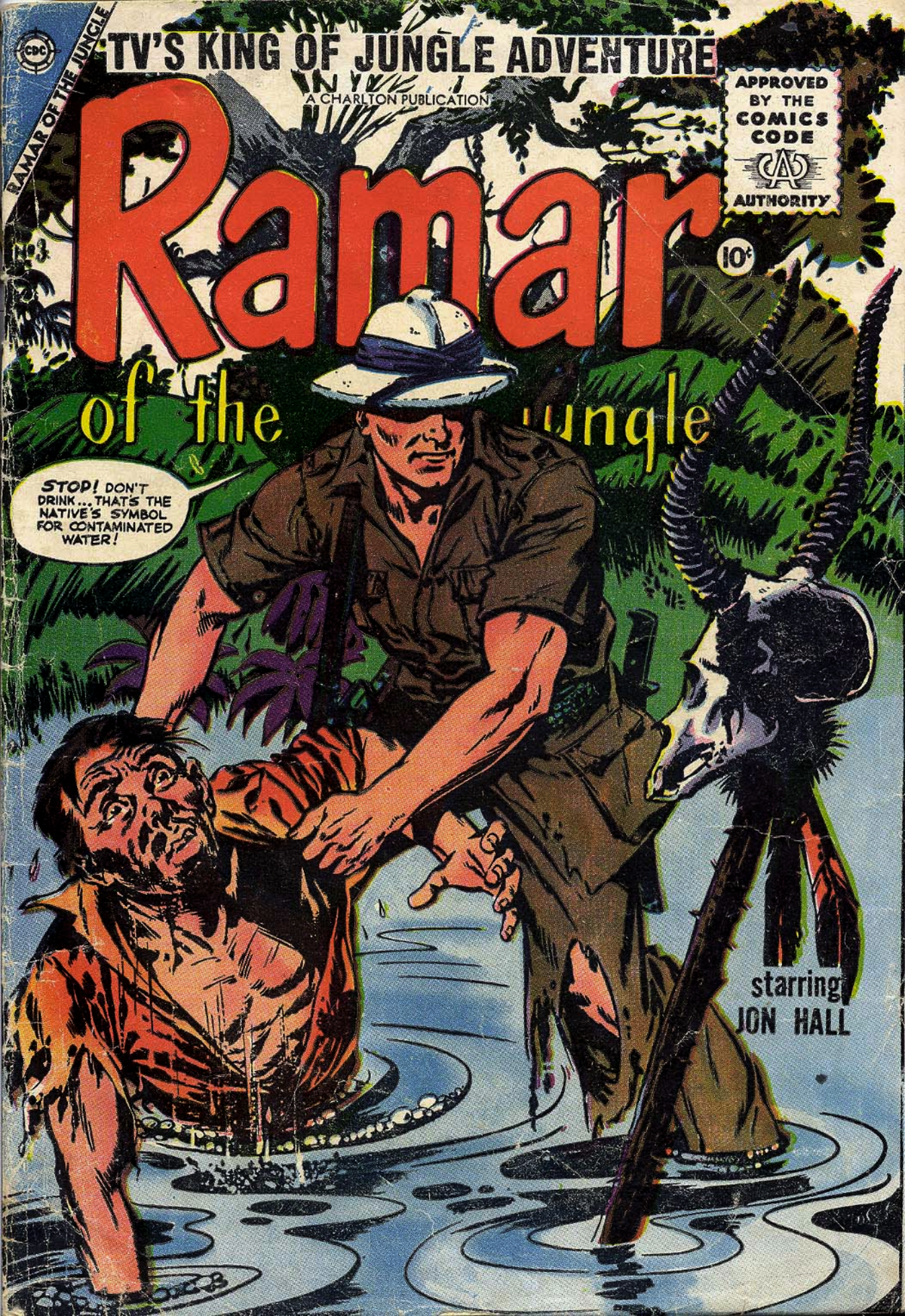
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

10¢

Ramar

of the jungle

STOP! DON'T
DRINK... THAT'S THE
NATIVE'S SYMBOL
FOR CONTAMINATED
WATER!



starring
JON HALL



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UNIVERSE.COM

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

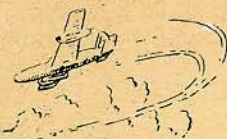


FOR THE MASTER MIND

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT - 4 CORRECT, GOOD - 3 CORRECT, FAIR - 2 CORRECT, POOR

1. RADAR, THE ATOM BOMB, AND JET PROPULSION ARE THREE SCIENTIFIC INNOVATIONS BROUGHT TO LIGHT THROUGH THEIR USE IN WORLD WAR II.

☐ TRUE
☐ FALSE



2. THE OFFICIAL VE DAY IS MAY 8, 1945.

☐ TRUE
☐ FALSE



3. THE ATOM BOMB WAS DROPPED ON HIROSHIMA ON AUGUST 7, 1945.

☐ TRUE
☐ FALSE



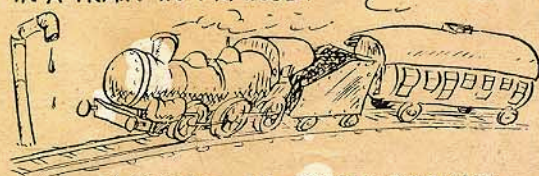
4. THE OFFICIAL VJ DAY IS SEPTEMBER 12, 1945.

☐ TRUE
☐ FALSE



5. IN WORLD WAR II THE GERMAN SURRENDER DOCUMENT WAS SIGNED IN A TRAIN IN FRANCE.

☐ TRUE
☐ FALSE



ANSWERS: 1 TRUE - 2 TRUE - 3 FALSE (THE CORRECT DATE WAS AUGUST 6, 1945) - 4 TRUE - 5 FALSE (IT WAS SIGNED IN A SCHOOLHOUSE IN REIMS)

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

RAMAR

OF THE JUNGLE

in the
TYRANNY
of
HAMA

WHO WAS HAMA? WHAT WAS HAMA THAT ITS NAME INSPIRED SUCH DREAD AMONGST THE INHABITANTS OF THE KENYA AND UGANDA JUNGLES? EVER SINCE DR. TOM REYNOLDS, BETTER KNOWN AS RAMAR-- SET FOOT IN THE LUSH VERDURE WEST OF LAKE RUDOLF, THE STRANGEST THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING! ILL FORTUNE STRIKES HIS EXPEDITION, HIS SAFARI DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW, HIS BEARERS ARE ATTACKED BY UNSEEN ENEMIES! AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE INCREDIBLE **TYRANNY** THAT WAS HAMA!



WHEW!
THAT
WAS
CLOSE!

ONLY THE **LAST** IN A
SERIES OF CLOSE
SHAVES, HOWARD!
EVER SINCE WE SET
FOOT IN THIS TERRI-
TORY IT'S BEEN ONE
DISASTER AND BAD
BREAK AFTER
ANOTHER!

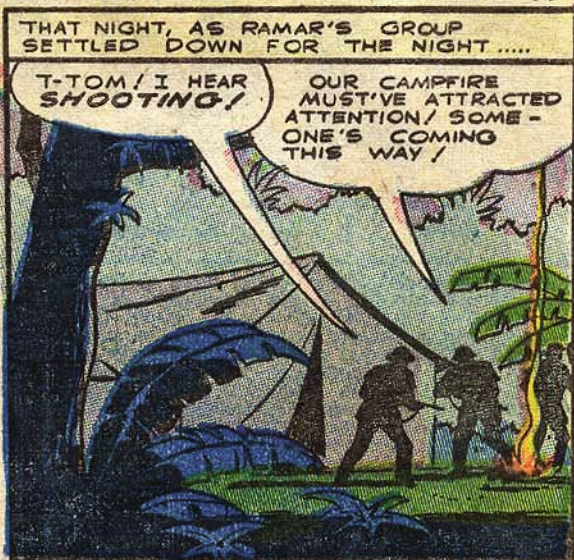
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK
THOSE SUPERSTITIONS ARE
ON THE LEVEL! IT'S ALL THE
FAULT OF
HAMA!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



I AGREE WITH YOU, TOM! HOW ELSE CAN WE EXPLAIN THE DISAPPEARANCE OF PRACTICALLY OUR WHOLE SAFARI?

ALL THE KENYA AND UGANDA TRIBES JABBER ABOUT A TYRANNY CALLED HAMA! IT'S ABOUT TIME WE LOOKED INTO IT!



T-TOM! I HEAR SHOOTING!

OUR CAMPFIRE MUST'VE ATTRACTED ATTENTION! SOME-ONE'S COMING THIS WAY!



PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS! IT'S PART OF A SAFARI!

THANK GOODNESS! FRIENDLY FACES!

YOU'VE GOT TO H-HELP US... THE MOST TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED! OUR GUIDES AND BEARERS VANISHED!



SHORTLY AFTER, AS CALM RETURNS TO THE VISITORS.....

WE WERE MOVING TOWARD MONGALLA, JUST AS MR. AMAH DIRECTED US TO....

MR. AMAH?

AMAH'S AN EGYPTIAN ARISTOCRAT WE MET ON THE BOAT TO MOM-BASA, A PERFECTLY AMAZING CHAP! UTTERLY UNUSUAL! WHEN AMAH HEARD WE WERE GOING ON A SAFARI IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF LAKE RUDOLF HE INVITED US TO VISIT HIM... AT HIS ESTABLISHMENT!



NATURALLY, ON THE CONCLUSION OF OUR FIELD TRIP, WE DECIDED TO TALK ADVANTAGE OF MR. AMAH'S KIND INVITATION... SO WE SET FOR THE WHITE NILE!

I CAN FILL IN THE REST, PROFESSOR DORAN, WITH EVERY STEP YOU TOOK YOUR SAFARI GOT MORE JITTERY! THE CHIEFS OF THE VILLAGES YOU PASSED THROUGH WARNED YOU TO TURN BACK! FINALLY, ONE NIGHT, YOUR SAFARI DISAPPEARED!

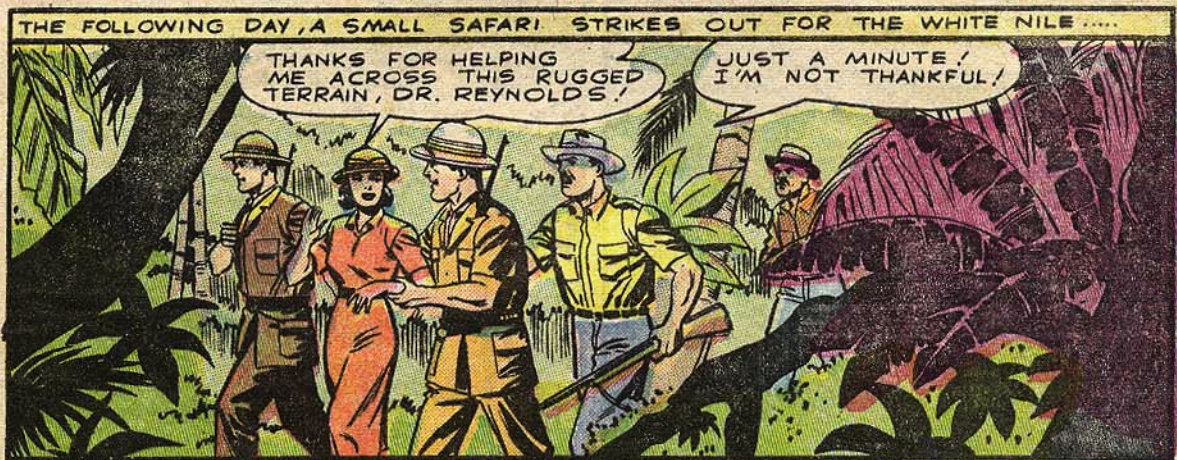
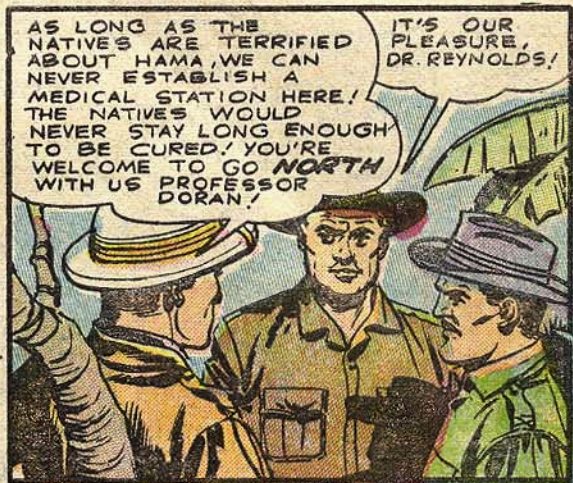
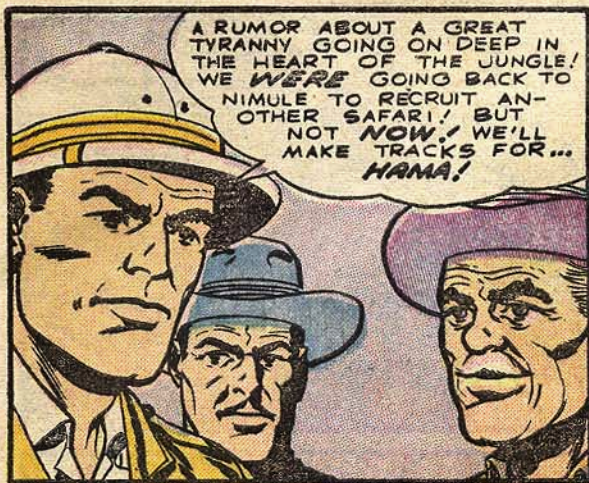


THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, EXACTLY!

I KNOW, BECAUSE IT HAPPENED TO US... AND EVERY OTHER EXPEDITION THAT ENTERS THE FORBIDDEN TERRITORY OF HAMA!

HAMA? WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



OF COURSE! AND OF EVERY SAFARI AND NATIVE WHO **DIS-APPEARED** IN MY DOMAIN! THIS WAY, PLEASE!

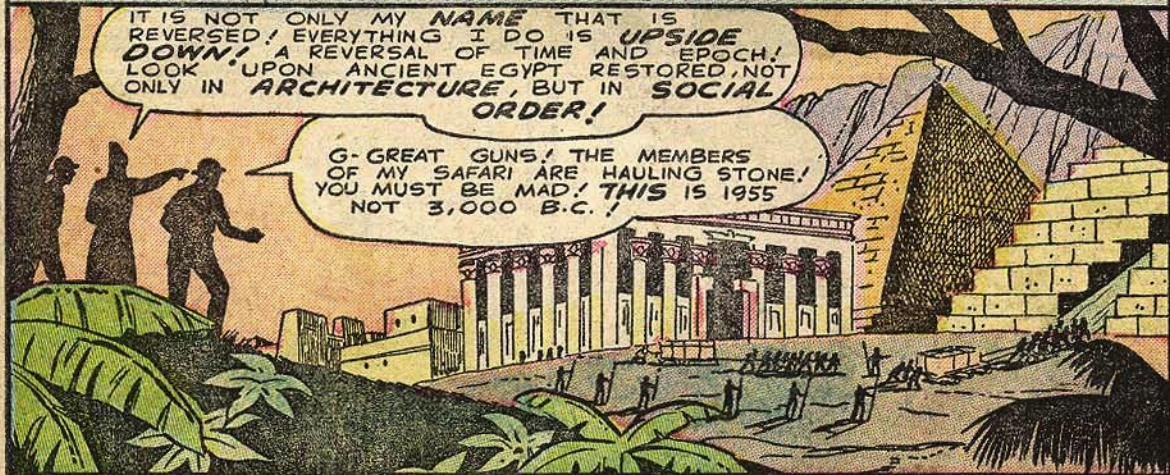
YOU KEEP RE-PEATING "YOUR DOMAIN"! I KNOW OF NO DOMAIN IN AFRICA THAT BELONGS TO A **PRIVATE CITIZEN**. PARTICULARLY TO ONE NAMED **AMAH!**



BUT **AMAH** DOESN'T EXIST, MY FRIEND! READ THE NAME **BACKWARDS!**

HAMA!

A HALF HOUR LATER, AN AMAZING SIGHT GREETES THE NEWCOMERS.....



IT IS NOT ONLY MY **NAME** THAT IS REVERSED! EVERYTHING I DO IS **UPSIDE DOWN!** A REVERSAL OF TIME AND EPOCH! LOOK UPON ANCIENT EGYPT RESTORED, NOT ONLY IN **ARCHITECTURE**, BUT IN **SOCIAL ORDER!**

G-GREAT GUNS! THE MEMBERS OF MY SAFARI ARE HAULING STONE! YOU MUST BE MAD! **THIS IS 1955 NOT 3,000 B.C.!**



EXACTLY! WHICH IS **WHY** I REVERSED THE CLOCK. IT WAS AN ABSURD SITUATION...I, WHO TRACE MY LINAGE BACK 5,000 YEARS TO ANCIENT ROYALTY, WAS LIVING AS MR. **AMAH**, A PRIVATE CITIZEN, WITHOUT POWER AND DISTINCTION!

I SEE! YOUR STUPID EGO WAS FRUSTRATED BY LIVING IN A WORLD WHERE ALL MEN ARE EQUALS!



I WAS WEALTHY! I COULD INDULGE MY EVERY WHIM! SO I WENT TO WORK, SETTING UP A REPLICA OF AN ANCIENT EMPIRE! MY HIRED NUBIAN WARRIORS CAPTURE PASSING SAFARIS TO RECRUIT THE LABOR OF **HAMA** TURNS OUT TO BE A **FACT!** NECESSARY TO DO THE DIRTY WORK!



A FOOLISH ATTEMPT, MY FRIEND! MY GUARDS ARE EVER-WATCHFUL! RESIGN YOURSELF FOR A LIFETIME OF CAPTIVITY... **ALL OF YOU! RESIST AND YOU DIE!**

YOU ARE MAD, **HAMA!** TO THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS NONSENSE!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



SO WAS THE LEGEND
OF HAMA... IN THE FULL-
NESS OF TIME, THE
JUNGLE WOULD CLAIM
THE HORRID CIVILIZATION
A MAD GENIUS TRIED
TO BUILD UP, THANKS TO
RAMAR....

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

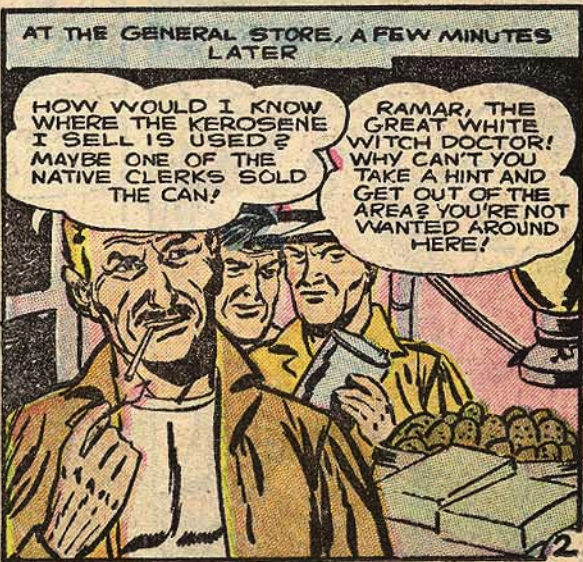
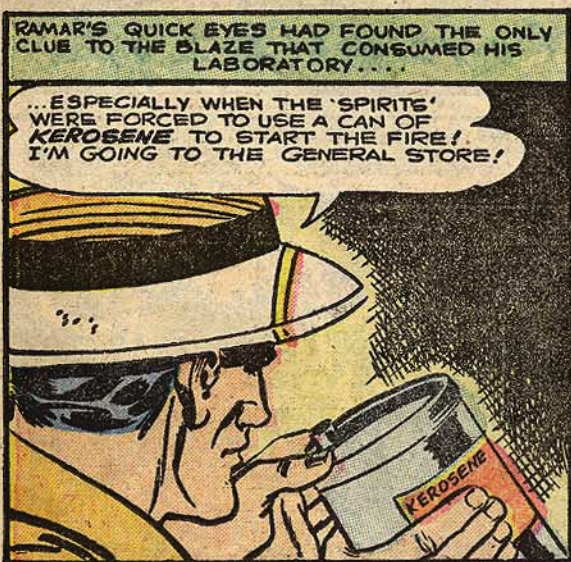
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THE WITCH DOCTOR'S DOLLS

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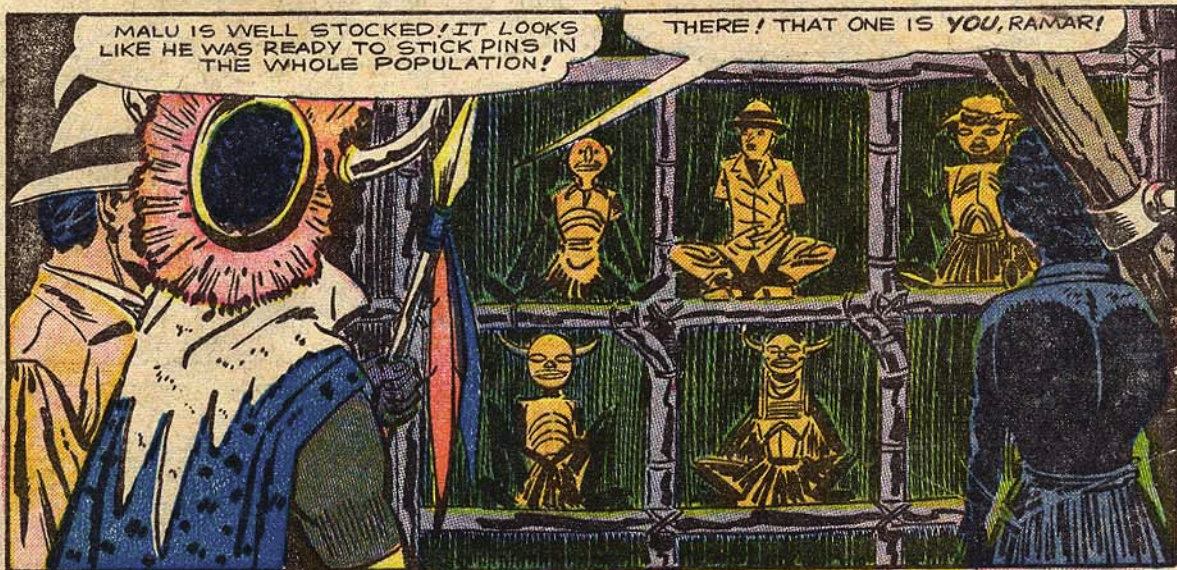
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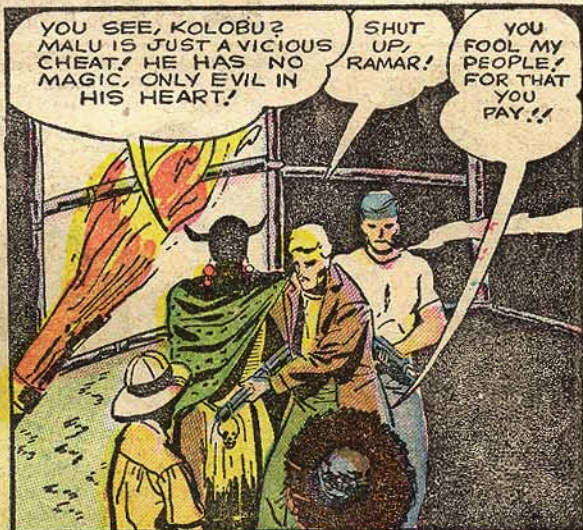
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

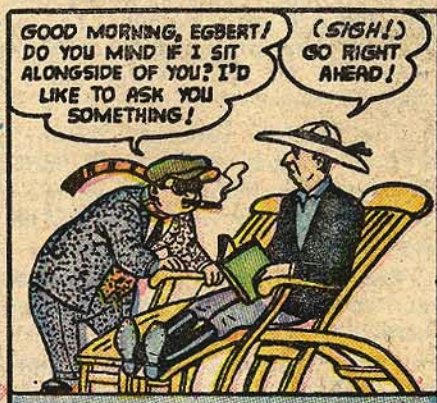
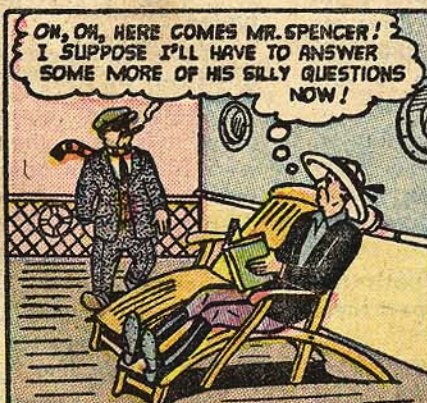
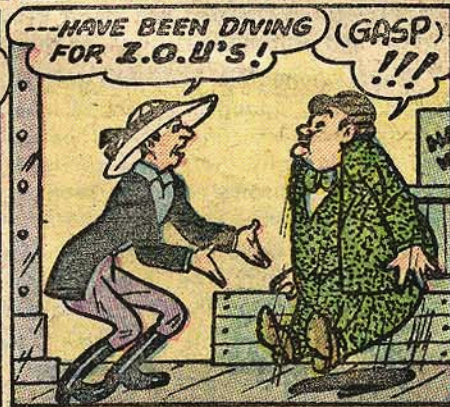
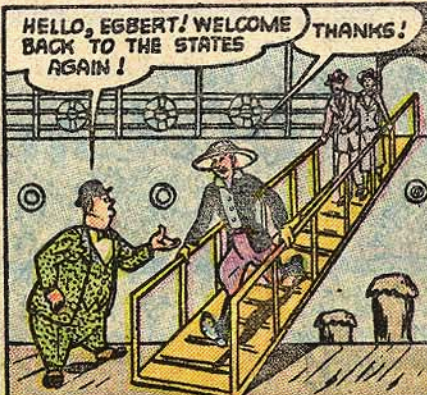


RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



THE END

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



"Prisoner In Charge"

The brooding jungle on the wide, flat, steaming river suddenly became a bedlam of triumphant, blood-curdling screeches as the giant Massai charged the small group of haggard men stooping to drink at the river.

Rogers wheeled fast, his gun in hand. He wasn't fast enough. A native chief was already upon him and he fell before the fight started. Actually there was no fight. The white men were prisoners within seconds after the first charge had started.

When Cal Rogers came to, he was in a dim, cool native hut. The huge, grinning native patted his arm as though to make friends.

"Bwana Rogers all right now," he rumbled. "Friends good too."

Rogers felt as though the top of his head was coming off. He had a knob above his ear the size of a walnut. "You sure gave me a belt," he answered, recognizing the man who had hit him. "What did I do to rate that?"

The native sobered. "Many apologies, Bwana Rogers. Your safari look like ivory hunters who burned our village two moons ago. My people will not sleep till these men pay that debt."

Rogers sat up. "Ivory hunters? That's the outfit I'm looking for! Why do you expect them here?"

"They must pass here! Food and ammunition are cached near the river and they will return soon! When they do, their guns will speak and the torches will burn our homes once more — if we do not act first! We have taken their supplies and destroyed them!"

Rogers nodded. It made sense. But whether or not he and his two assistants could expect help on their job was a question. For their job was to find and arrest one, Walter Miller and party. At the request of the government of British South Africa. And five hundred miles of jungle had been covered in the search. Now, they had their chance. But only if the Massai cooperated.

"You know me, Chief," Rogers said, conquering his dizziness. "You know I come on government business. Will you help us?"

The giant chief of the Massai blinked. His people, deep in the jungle, had no wish to involve themselves in the tangled affairs of the whites. But at last he nodded.

"If only in payment for what I did to you," he rumbled. "What you want first?"

Rogers found his canteen, revolver and rifle on the floor and picked up the canteen. He drank deeply, then splashed the tepid water on his head. After drying he buckled on his gun and turned to the chief.

"Trackers. You and your people could follow a fly in a hurricane! We have to get those ivory smugglers before they do real damage! Can I count on you? Will you come with us?"

The chief nodded and went to the door. Several warriors, still carrying spears and clubs trotted up. They talked a little and the chief turned.

"Your friends are on their feet. After one day's rest we will go."

Rogers went outside. The village — the grass huts new, the fireplaces little used — were laid out in orderly fashion. The villagers smiled as he went toward Blake and Von Haaken in the shade of a tree across the clearing.

Both had taken a beating. Blake's grin was on one side of his swollen mouth and Von Haaken's eyes were a uniform shade of black and blue. The latter grinned and patted the ground beside him.

"Sit down, Rogers. You were lucky to be out of it so quickly! Why have the Massai changed toward us so suddenly?"

Rogers told them about Miller's party and how they destroyed the village. They cheered up when they heard the ivory smugglers were nearby. "Let's get an early start in the morning. I want to finish this job fast! My malaria is going to come back soon," Blake said.

The chief approached as they talked. He stopped before Rogers and addressed his talk to him. "My people believe in you, Bwana Rogers. They will follow you and help take these men out of our country. Will you lead us?"

Rogers grinned and stood up, his hand out. They shook hands and then Rogers began

preparing for the trek in the morning. Supplies were assembled, arms and wet ammunition checked, then, at nightfall, a dance was staged for the three men they had captured a short time before. Rogers turned in with his friends with a happy feeling that soon their quest would be over.

The start at dawn was quiet. All were serious, determined to stop the avaricious, unprincipled career of the ivory hunter who was undoing all the friendship between the tribes and the government.

They found the trail quickly. A lean, grizzled Massai ran the trail, bent double as he scanned the faint marks in the earth. Rogers and his men had to trot sometimes to keep the pace.

He turned and rattled off an eager speech to the chief. The latter's eyes gleamed as he turned to Rogers. "He say short time ahead. They seek bull elephant nearby." He paused and smiled. "Bull elephant hurt. Maybe Bwana Rogers have help against evil white men."

"I hope so, chief! Miller is almost sure to fight! He and his men are wanted for many crimes. They won't give up when we catch them!"

Even the white men could follow the trail as they went on. The jungle fought them every step of the way but they pressed on. Then they heard a shot, rounded a turn in the trail and froze.

The elephant was huge, dwarfing the man facing him with the rifle. Rogers saw that he was frozen with fear. The elephant, old and slow, glared at him with red, angry eyes as he raised his trunk and began his charge.

The government man yelled as he sprinted toward Miller. Miller seemed to awaken then, but he was terrified as he turned and looked at Rogers speeding toward him. There was no time to aim or fire a gun. He hurtled into Miller and felt the ground tremble and one monstrous leg brush him as the huge beast sped by.

The elephant turned. But even that mass of fighting, trumpeting bull elephant couldn't face the array of Massai spears between him and the two white men. Hurling spears struck and brought roars but the crippled old bull turned and sought the sanctuary of the jungle.

Rogers got up, limping slightly and faced Miller. The latter stooped and picked up his rifle. Accidentally or not, it was hip high, cocked, and pointed at the man who had saved his life. He jerked his head toward the Massai.

"Tell your friends to keep their distance. I know why you found me."

Rogers wished he'd let the elephant do the

job for him. "You've got a quaint idea of gratitude, Miller. You're under arrest, you know!"

The other sneered and there was no mistake now as the rifle centered on Roger's stomach. "I'm not going back to that Capetown prison, Rogers. And you're not going back to bring other bloodhounds on our trail! You're a big hero to the natives but you're a stupid chump to me! Tell them to move off — you and I are going to go for a walk!"

Rogers had no choice. He called to the others to back down the trail, then he and Miller headed the other way. At the edge of the clearing, two ragged jungle hyenas — Miller's pals — waited, bearded, afraid, and deadly.

"This is the Capetown bloodhound we worried about," Miller snarled. "We'll take him along till we reach the hills. Keep an eye on him."

Rogers was prodded ahead, the others falling in line behind him. The faint trail in the jungle was a long narrow prison with the rifle behind him, always ready to fire. The government investigator was beginning to lose hope when he saw a bush tremble as they passed. And there was no wind.

"You won't make any more trouble for us, Rogers," Miller snarled, as he rammed the rifle in his back. "Pretty soon we'll be in the hills and headed East. But you won't be — you'll be layin' back here on the trail!"

Rogers laughed. Another movement of brush at the side of the trail had given him hope. And there was no wind. "Don't bet on that, Miller! You've got a long way to go — and you'll never know what's coming next!"

At that moment a Massai warrior's face showed ahead, arm poised, spear ready. Rogers whirled, bending low, and snatched the rifle from Miller's hands. As the others began to raise their rifles, quick, tigerish warriors dove out of the jungle and the fugitives were helpless. A moment later the chief faced Roger, smiling broadly.

"We have our prisoners, Bwana Rogers. Will you leave their punishment to us? My tribe has many grievances against these men!"

Rogers smiled at the look on Miller's face. He was terrified.

"No, chief. The Capetown prison awaits them. They owe a prior debt — and it will be paid, thanks to you and your warriors."

The chief nodded agreement. "It was fortunate when we made you prisoner. With you as leader, we all benefited."

The End —

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

Ramar IN GREEN DOOM

OF THE JUNGLE



YOU'RE THROUGH, RAMAR / WE'VE GOT YOU **BOXED IN**! YOU'LL **NEVER** ESCAPE FROM THIS GRASS!

T-THEY'RE ALL AROUND ME / I-I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING! I'LL BLUNDER INTO THEIR GUN BARRELS!

THE NATIVES CALLED IT **GREEN DOOM**, FOR NO MAN EVER ENTERED IT'S FANTASTIC, LUSH DEPTHS AND EMERGED ALIVE... IT WAS NOT ONLY THAT THE GRASS REARED UP 14 FEET HIGH... BLOTING OUT SUN, MOON, AND AIR, BUT THE DISEASE, BUGS AND BEASTS THAT INFESTED 'GREEN DOOM' TURNED THE GREEN MAZE INTO A FATAL TRAP... KNOWING ALL THIS, RAMAR STILL PLUNGED INTO IT'S FETID INTERIOR ON THE TRAIL OF MEN AS EVIL AS THE GRASS IN WHICH THEY SOUGHT REFUGE ...

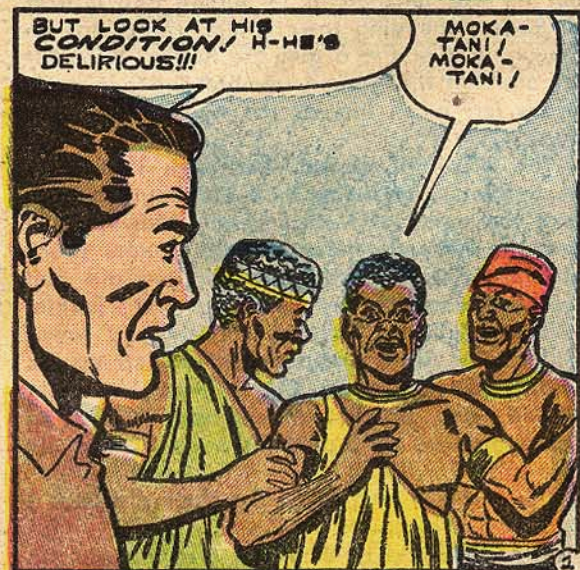
AT THE TINY AFRICAN SETTLEMENT WHERE DR. TOM REYNOLDS AND PROFESSOR HOWARD OGDEN CONDUCT THEIR RE-SEARCH, FOR UNKNOWN PLANTS AND MEDICINE SHRUBS, TO COMBAT DISEASE, EXCITEMENT PERVADES THE AIR ...



WHAT IS IT, HOWARD?

I DON'T KNOW, TOM!

IT'S SIMPLE, OGDEN! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE TRIBE'S HISTORY, A MAN CAME OUT OF 'GREEN DOOM' ALIVE!!



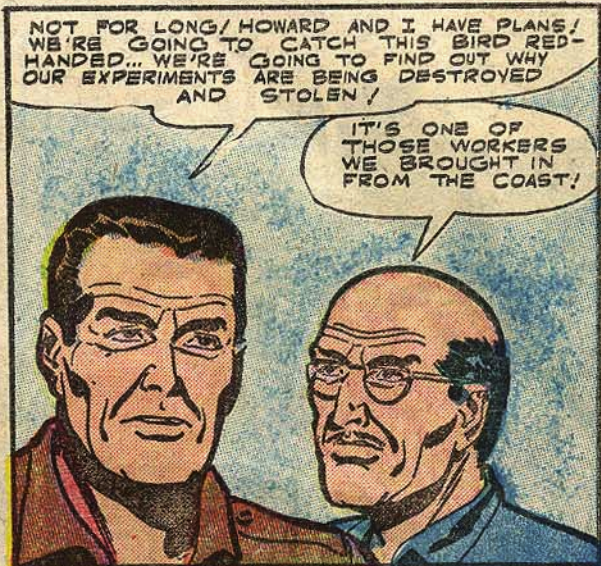
BUT LOOK AT HIS **CONDITION**! H-HE'S DELIRIOUS!!

MOKA-TANI! MOKA-TANI!

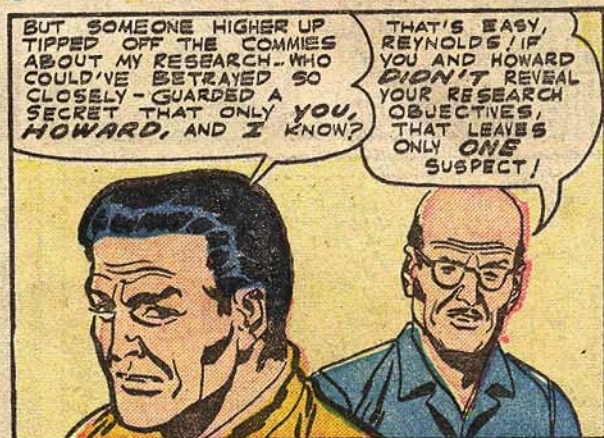
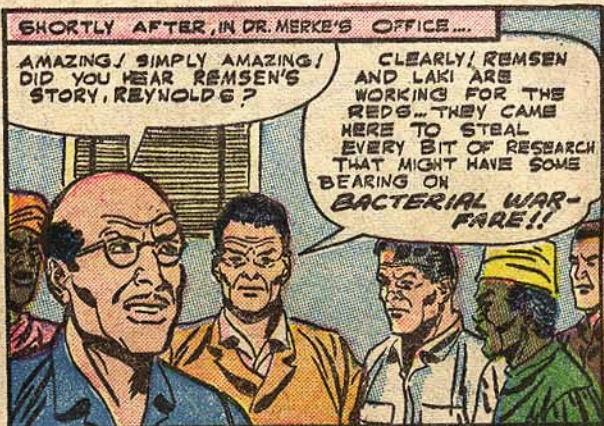
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RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

MINUTES LATER, IN THE JUNGLE...

BOOM BOOM BOOM

THOSE DRUM BEATS! THEY'RE CALLING ALL OF US MERKE! HE'S BEING ANSWERED! -WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

RAMAR... HE WHO IS CALLED TOM REYNOLDS... SENDS OUT A MESSAGE... TRIBES ARE GATHERING ALL AROUND US... TO CAPTURE US... THERE IS NO ESCAPE!



CHANCES ARE RAMAR IS JUST BEHIND US WITH JERMO'S MEN! THEY KNOW THE JUNGLE BETTER THAN WE DO. MERKE!

THEY DON'T KNOW **GREEN DOOM**... NOBODY DOES! THE NATIVES ARE TERRIFIED OF IT! THEY'LL NEVER FOLLOW US... COME ON, REMSEN, WE'LL CUT THROUGH IT TO THE COAST!



MINUTES LATER, AS JERMO'S TRACKERS FIND FOOTPRINTS ON THE FRINGE OF GREEN DOOM...

THEY GO INTO TALL GRASS! THAT IS FINISH! THEY NEVER COME OUT!

THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE THEY MIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER THEM!

NO, RAMAR! NO GO INTO GREEN DOOM... IT IS FOR-BIDDEN!



ABLE TO CONVINCE THE TRIBES TO ENTER THE JUNGLE IN ALONE, RAMAR IS TICKING LUSTILY AT THE THICK GROWTH...

MY CHANCES OF FINDING THEM IN THIS GREEN SOUP ARE A THOUSAND TO ONE... WE GOT TO MAKE 'EM OME TO ME!

MERKE! IT'S ME... RAMAR! I'M COMING AFTER YOU... YOU WON'T ESCAPE!



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

IT'S RAMAR! HE'S ALONE! NO NATIVE WOULD SET FOOT IN THIS MAN-TRAP! LET'S GET HIM NOW... THEN WE WON'T HAVE HIM BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS... FORM A NARROW CIRCLE!

AN AMBUSH, EH, GOOD!



AS RAMAR'S VOICE GETS NEARER AND NEARER...

WHERE ARE YOU, MERKE? SHOW YOURSELF!

DOCTOR! IT IS NO GOOD... I AM AFRAID! RAMAR IS THE GREATEST MEDICINE MAN IN ALL AFRICA!

QUIET YOU FOOL! YOUR VOICE WILL BETRAY OUR PRESENCE!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

AT THAT SECOND, WITH RAMAR ONLY FEET AWAY, ONE OF THE MENACES OF GREEN DOOM STRIKES OUT MERCILESSLY....

OH--!

A-A SNAKE!



REALIZING THAT RAMAR NOW KNOWS HIS WHEREABOUTS, MERKE CHANGES HIS TACTICS... FOUR EVIL MEN ATTACK ON THE HEELS OF THE FLEEING NATIVE....

GET HIM! WIPE HIM OUT! THEN WE'LL STRIKE OUT FOR THE COAST UNINTERRUPTED!

I COULD PICK 'EM OFF ONE BY ONE, BUT IN THIS TALL GRASS I CAN USE OTHER TACTICS!



FIRST THE BRAINS HIMSELF!

I-I--!



YOU WON'T GET A SECOND CHANCE, MY FRIEND!

L-LOOK OUT! YOU'RE BLOCKING MY AI--!



A MOMENT LATER....

YOU'VE HAD IT, REMSEN.. SURRENDER OR TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES!

B-BUT MERKE!... LOOK HE'S GETTING AWAY!



HARDLY! WHEN I TRIPPED HIM UP I GOT THESE... WITHOUT THIS ACCUMULATION OF DATA AND CODE FORMULAS, MERKE WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL THE REDS A THING... EVEN IF HE GETS THROUGH THE 'GREEN DOOM'!



THREE DAYS LATER, ON THE COAST, A FRENZIED FIGURE JABBERS IN-COHERENTLY TO A GROUP OF UNIFORMED MEN....

I WANT TO TALK TO THE PREMIER HIMSELF! I-I'LL EXPLAIN-- THE LITTLE GREEN THINGS! GIVE ME THE SEA... I WANT TO DRINK THE GRASS!

MERKE IS COMPLETELY MAD! BACK TO THE BOAT... WE'LL LEAVE HIM HERE!

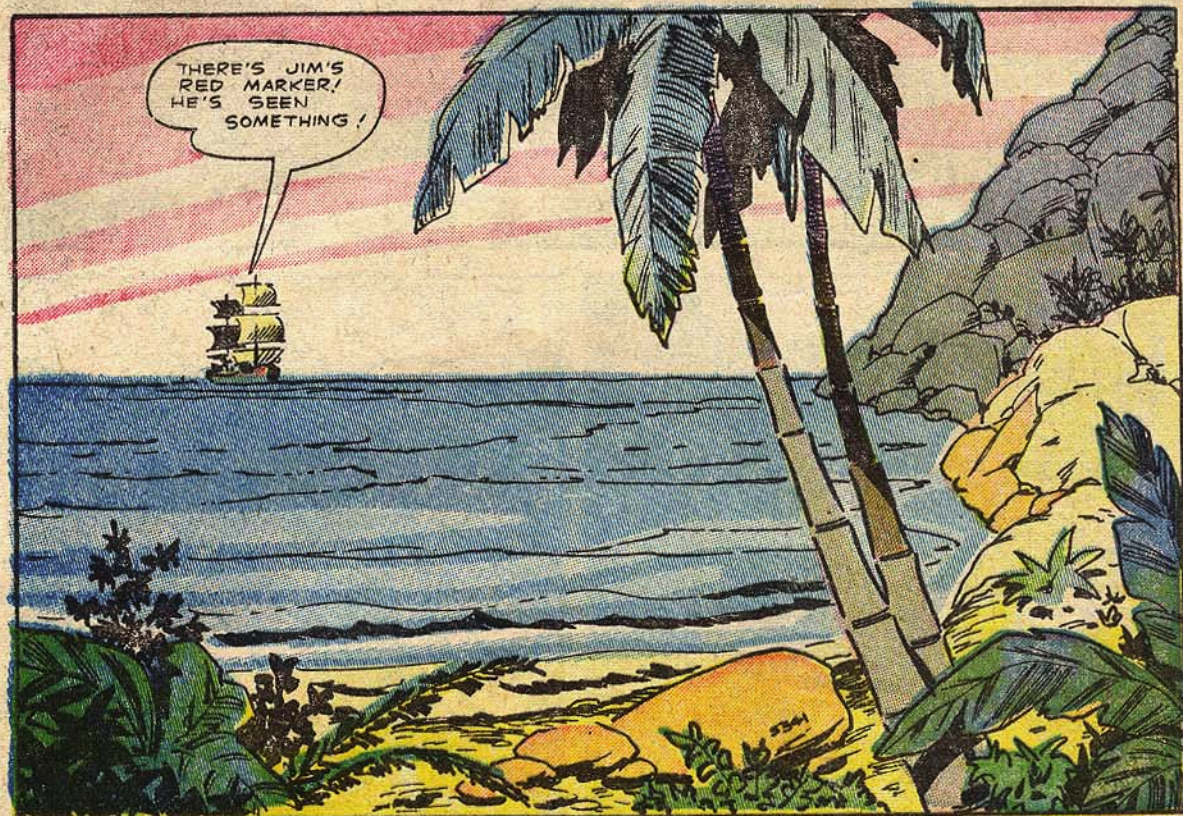


THE END

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

HAVE YOU EVER SEARCHED FOR BURIED TREASURE? HALF THE FUN IS SAILING OUT TO FIND IT. HALF THE FUN IS **FINDING** IT... BUT WHAT HAPPENS IF DANGER LIES AHEAD? READ ON AND LEARN ABOUT.....

DEEP TREASURE



HAL AND I WERE PARTNERS FOR BURIED TREASURE OFF THE WATERS OF SOUTH AMERICA... I'D BEEN RIDING THE WATER-SLED AWHILE BEFORE I SAW IT....



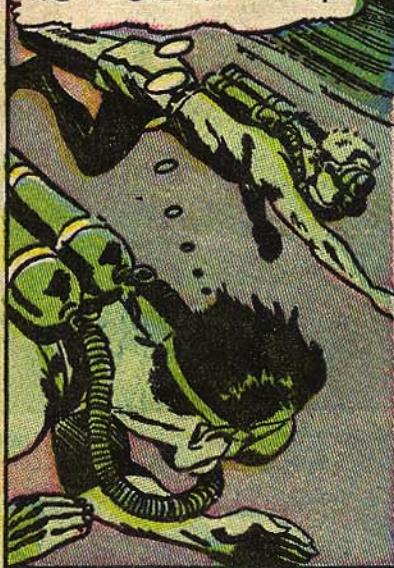
DOWN--DOWN I WENT, PAST BEAUTIFULLY COLORED LICHEN AND SEA-MOSS, PAST VARI-COLORED FISH DOWN TO DEPTHS I KNEW WOULD HOLD THE SHIP....



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

AS I MADE FOR THE OLD SPANISH GALLEON, I SAW HAL FLASHING DOWN OVER ME ...

HE LOOKS EXCITED! COULD BE WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO THE RIGHT ONE AT THAT!



LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE BEGINNING... IT STARTED WITH HAL'S TRYING TO GET ME TO GO WITH HIM ON THIS TRIP BACK AT MARI CABIA...



IT'S A NATURAL, BOY, THIS IS WHERE THE **HEMIA-LUNA** IS SUPPOSED TO BE AFTER SHE GOT SUNK BY PIRATES!

SO YOU SAY!

IT STANDS TO REASON-- A MONTH AGO, A FISHERMAN CAUGHT A QUADRANT IN HIS NETS IN THIS AREA!

AND TWO WEEKS BACK, ANOTHER GUY FOUND TWO PIECES OF EIGHT THERE, TOO! SO WHAT?



SO THIS, THE **HEMIA-LUNA** CARRIED TWO MILLION DOLLARS IN TREASURE... AND WE KNOW IT'S EXACT LOCATION FROM THIS OLD MAP WE FOUND ON THE TRADER WE BURIED!

YE GADS, MAN! WE CAME ACROSS AN OLD BUM IN A JUNGLE FOREST WHERE WE HAVE OUR RUBBER PLANTATION, AND YOU TELL ME WE'LL BE **MILLIONAIRES!**



BETTER THAN THAT... WE ALSO PERFORM A SERVICE TO THE GOVERNMENT BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE LOCAL HISTORY, WHEN WE FIND THE SHIP... AND LOOK OUT THERE!

I KNEW YOU WERE LEADING UP TO SOMETHING!

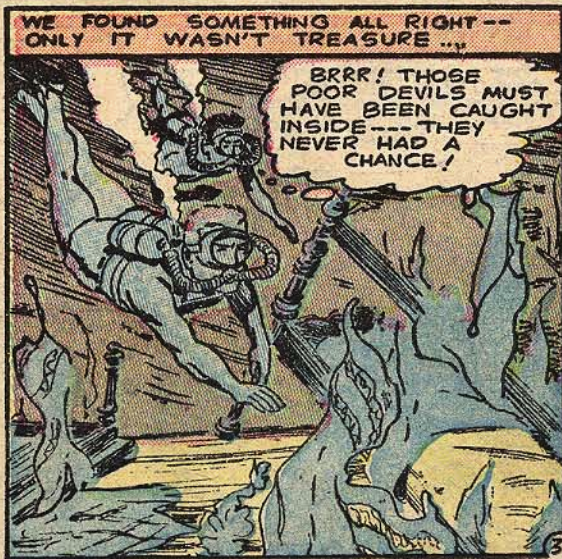
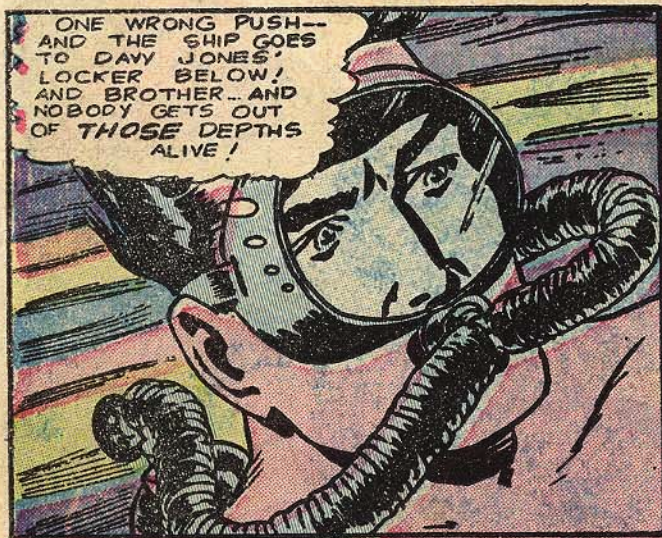
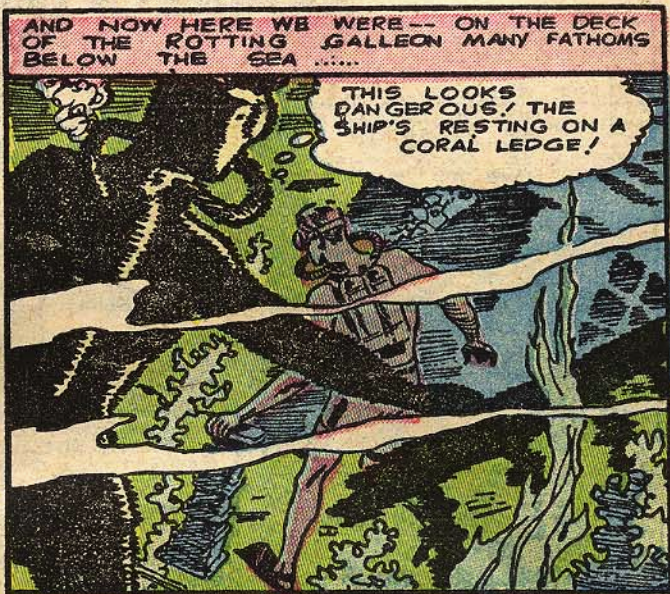


SURE-- ALL IT TAKES IS TWELVE GRAND TO BUY THAT SCHOONER!

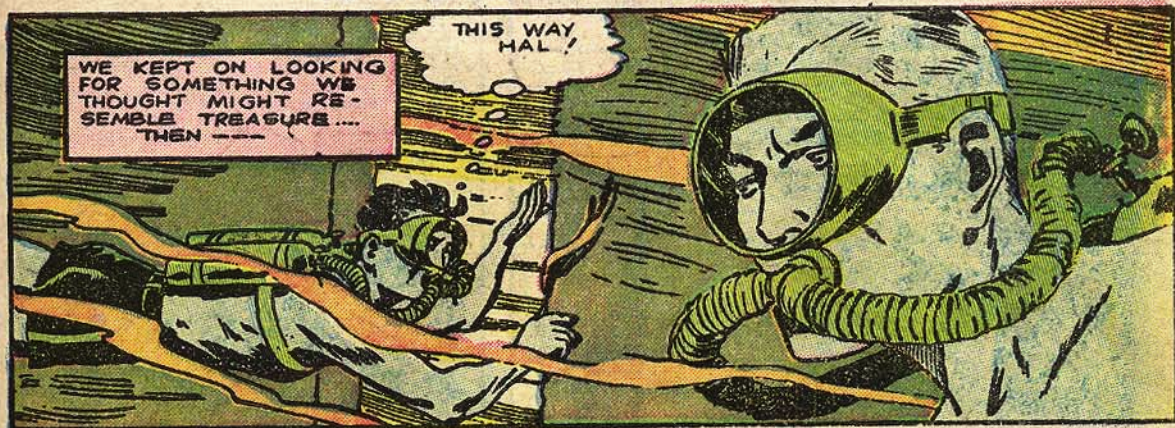
AND FOUR YEARS OF OUR LIVES SWEATING IN THIS HOLE TO MAKE TWELVE GRAND! YOU'D RISK THAT?



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



WE KEPT ON LOOKING FOR SOMETHING WE THOUGHT MIGHT RESEMBLE TREASURE... THEN ---

THIS WAY HAL!

THERE---FACING US--- WAS A GREAT IRON-BARNACLED DOOR... LOCKED AND RAMMED WITH A HUGE CROSS-BAR...

THIS HAS TO BE THE TREASURE ROOM--- IT'S CERTAIN TO BE!



WE TUGGED AT IT FOR A WHILE UNTIL WE GAVE IT UP AS USELESS... THEN WE MADE FOR THE SURFACE EACH WITH HIS THOUGHTS...

TWO MILLION DOLLARS, HAL SAID... BUT HOW TO GET AT IT? HOW?



THAT NIGHT, WE WENT OVER A DOZEN PLANS...

MAYBE WE CAN DRILL THROUGH IT WITH A PORTAGE RIG!

IT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG, HAL BESIDES --- WE DON'T HAVE ALL THE TOOLS FOR SUCH AN OPERATION NO-- THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY!!



DYNAMITE!

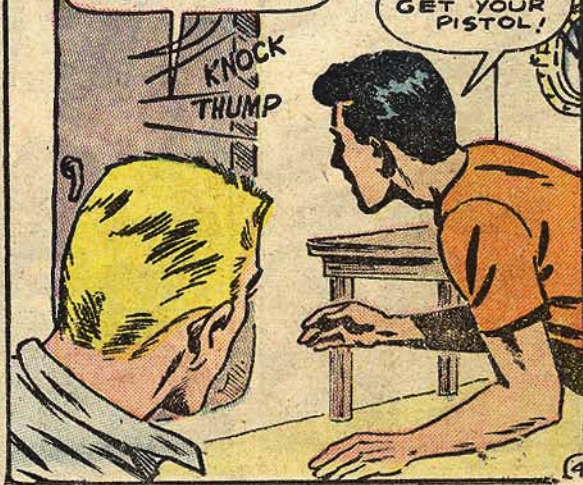
RIGHT! IT'S A RISK, I ADMIT-- THE SHIP ISN'T TOO SAFELY WEDGED ON THAT CORAL... BUT IT'S EITHER THAT-- OR GOING BACK EMPTY-HANDED!



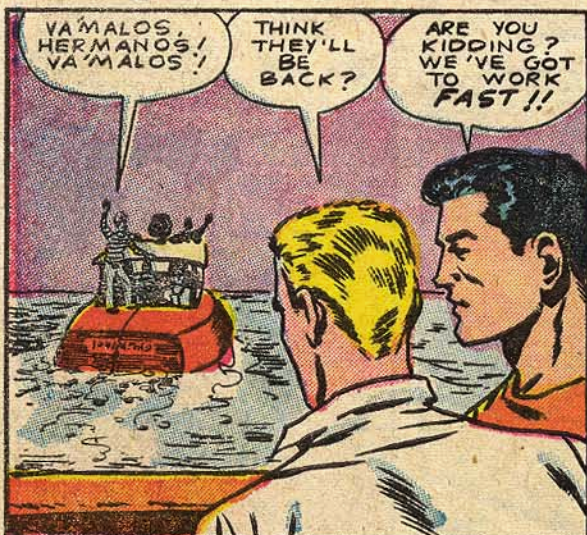
SUDDENLY...

HALLO, SEÑORS!

QUICK-- GET YOUR PISTOL!



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TWO MINUTES LATER WE HIT THE --- JACKPOT....

GOLD! HAL -- WE'VE DONE IT! WE'VE FOUND THE TREASURE!

THE NEXT FEW HOURS PASSED IN A DREAM.... HOW TRIPS I MADE UP AND DOWN I'LL NEVER KNOW... BUT I DIDN'T CARE ...



BUT THEN, JUST AS WE WERE ALMOST THROUGH...

IT'S THE SHIP! SHE'S TILTING -- WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE -- **FAST!!**



WEAKENED BY THE BLAST, THE GALLEON WAS SHAKING ITSELF SLOWLY OFF ITS CORAL PERCH... LEAVING EVERYTHING, WE STARTED SWIMMING TOWARDS THE SURFACE....

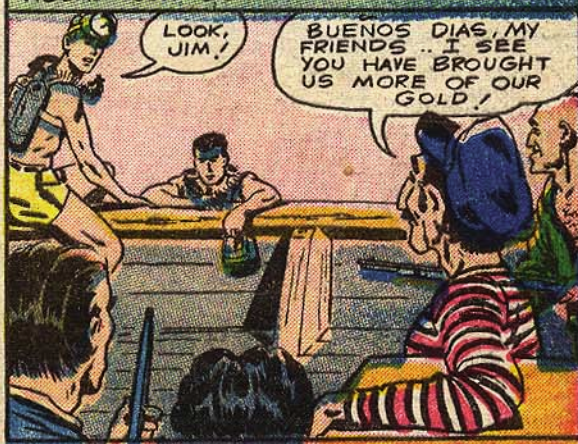
THE MOMENT SHE STARTS SINKING, ANYONE NEAR IT WILL BE CAUGHT IN THE UNDERTOW AND GO DOWN WITH IT!



LUNGS BURSTING, MUSCLES ACHING WITH DESPERATE EXERTION, WE CLIMBED ABOARD OUR BOAT TO MEET...

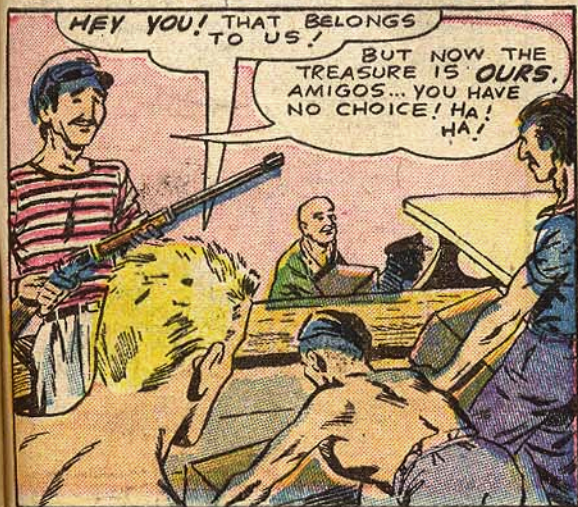
LOOK, JIM!

BUENOS DIAS, MY FRIENDS... I SEE YOU HAVE BROUGHT US MORE OF OUR GOLD!



HEY YOU! THAT BELONGS TO US!

BUT NOW THE TREASURE IS **OURS**. AMIGOS... YOU HAVE NO CHOICE! HA! HA!

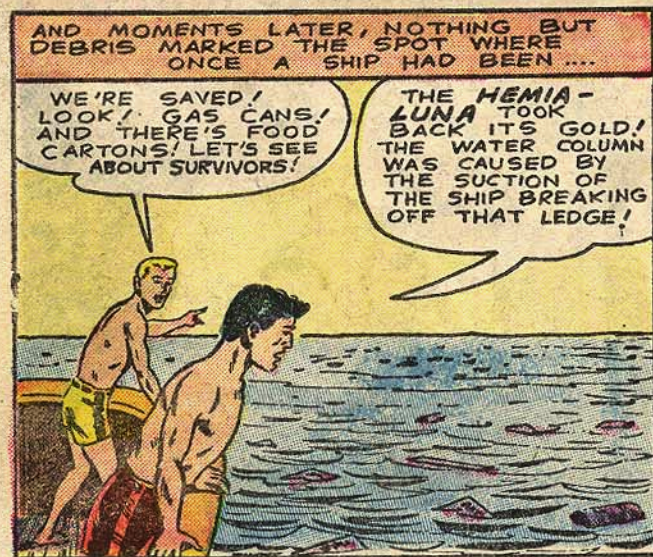
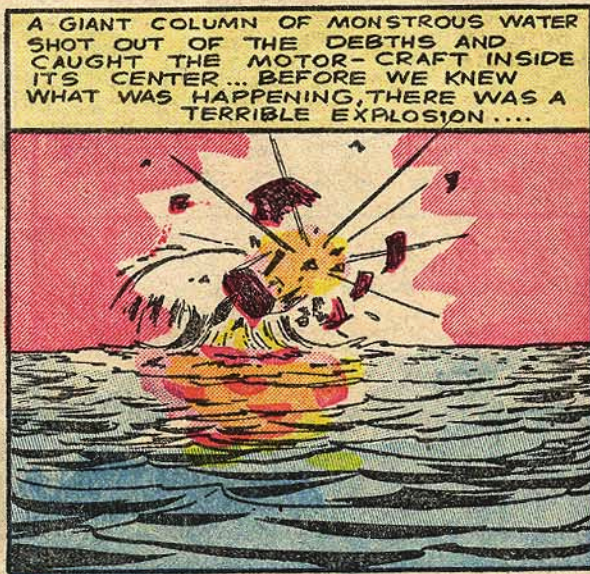
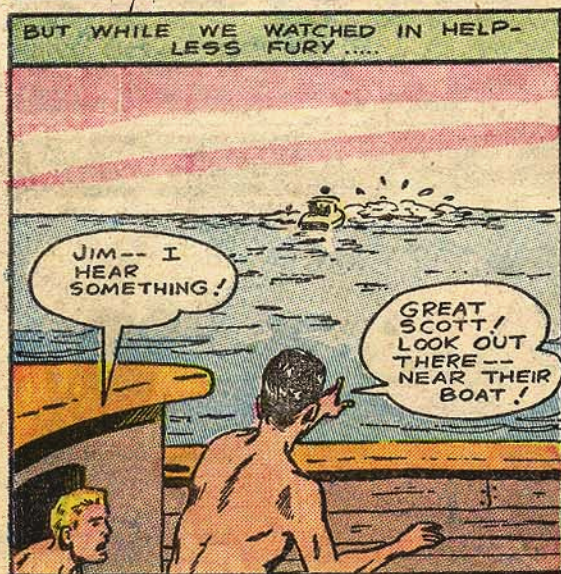


YOU CROOKS! I'M GOING TO --

HAL! DON'T TRY IT!



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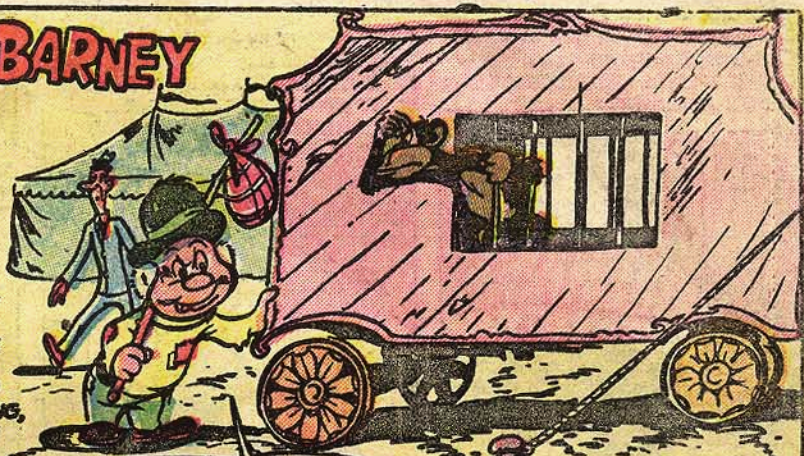
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

BALLYHOOD BARNEY

IN

WHICH TWIN IS THE PHONY

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THEY WERE BOYS TOGETHER, THE TWO BUNGLING BROTHERS (TWINS SINCE BIRTH) ARE ABOUT TO MEET! THE MEETING HAS LONG BEEN PLANNED BY THE SCHEMING MR. I.M. BUNGLING, WHO IS BY NO MEANS THE BETTER HALF OF THE BUNGLING PAIR!



GOSH, WHAT A LAYOUT THIS BROTHER OF MINE HAS! I'LL HAVE TO GET IN ON THE GRAVY SOMEHOW!

GOSH! THE BOSS' DOUBLE!

LET'S SEE NOW! I'LL HAVE TO PLAN THIS CAREFULLY! I DON'T WANT TO BE PUT BACK IN JAIL AGAIN!



JUST A MINUTE!

Y-I-PE! IT WASN'T ME, OFFICER! IT WAS TWO OTHER CROOKS! THEY WENT THAT WAY—HUN?



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A JOB FOR A FEW DAYS? IT WILL BE EASY WORK FOR YOU!

WORK! WHAT'S THAT?!

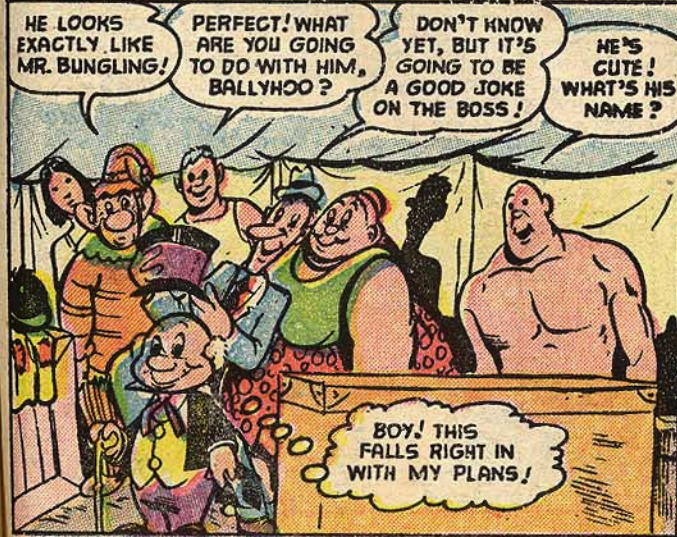


HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE MR. BUNGLING!

PERFECT! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HIM, BALLYHOOD?

DON'T KNOW YET, BUT IT'S GOING TO BE A GOOD JOKE ON THE BOSS!

HE'S CUTE! WHAT'S HIS NAME?



BOY! THIS FALLS RIGHT IN WITH MY PLANS!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MOST OF MY FRIENDS CALL ME MR. BUGS! THAT'S BECAUSE I SOMETIMES HAVE HALLUCINATIONS! EVERY SO OFTEN I GET THE WONDERFUL IDEA THAT I OWN A CIRCUS! ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO OWN ONE—



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

— JUST BECAUSE I EXERCISED THAT BEAUTIFUL SENSATION, THEY PUT ME IN A SANITARIUM! BUT SOMEHOW I JUST COULDN'T CONVINCE THEM THAT IT WAS ALL QUITE UNNECESSARY, SO I RAN AWAY!

HUH!

WHAT!

ULP!

NOW FOLKS, DON'T BE ALARMED! I ALWAYS CARRY THESE PILLS WITH ME, AND SHOULD ANYONE HERE EVER SEE ME ACTING LIKE I OWN THIS CIRCUS, JUST PUT TWO PILLS IN A GLASS OF WATER AND MAKE ME SWALLOW THEM, AND I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

MY DOCTOR HAS TOLD ME THAT SOME DAY THEY WILL NOT WORK, AND WHEN THAT TIME COMES, THEY'LL HAVE TO CALL THE WAGON! BUT I'M NOT WORRIED!

YOU MAY NOT BE WORRIED, BUT I AM! YOU'D BETTER NOT HAVE ANY FITS WHILE YOU'RE HERE! WELL, I HAVE TO SEE THE BOSS! YOU STAY HERE UNDER COVER!

ALL THE YEARS I'VE WORKED FOR BUNGLING I HAVEN'T GOT A RAISE YET! I THINK I'LL ASK HIM FOR ONE SOME DAY! IN FACT, I DON'T REMEMBER EVER GETTING ANYTHING FROM THE SKINFINT!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME BALLYHOO! GET THIS MONEY TO THE BANK RIGHT AWAY! HURRY, BEFORE IT CLOSES.

OKAY, BOSS! WHAT TIME IS IT NOW?

TIME! TIME! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A WALKING SUNDIAL? WHY DON'T YOU BUY A WATCH ON THAT BIG SALARY I PAY YOU?

GOSH! I CAN'T EVEN GET THE TIME FROM HIM!

LATER, MR. BUGS STARTS HIS SCHEME ROLLING!

NO WONDER MY CIRCUS ISN'T MAKING ANY MONEY! EVERYBODY'S JUST STANDING AROUND DOING NOTHING!

MR. BUGS HAS GONE BUGS! WE'LL HAVE TO GRAB HIM AND GIVE HIM HIS PILLS!

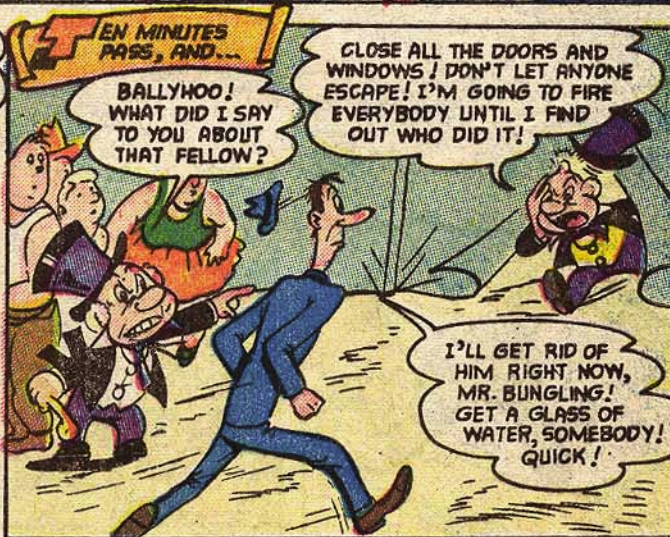
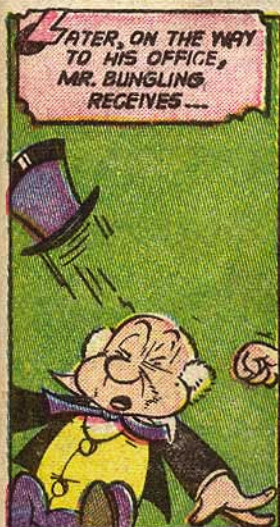
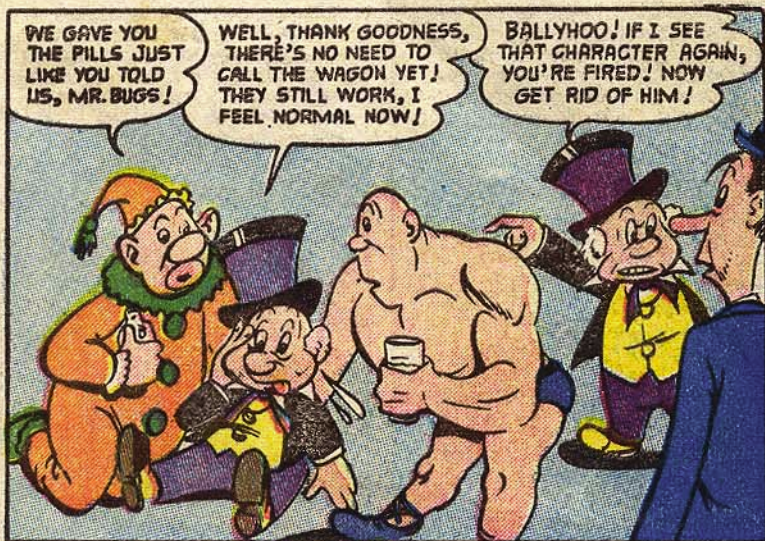
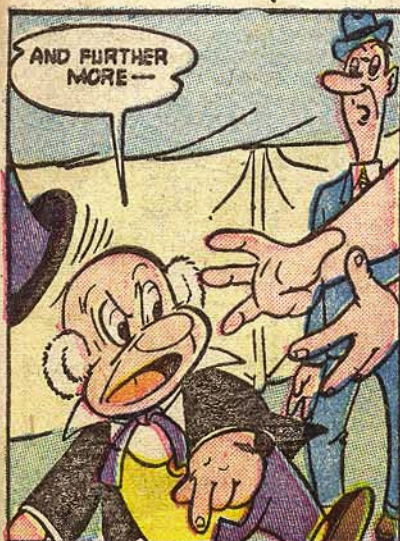
HUH? WHO'S THAT?

SAY, WHAT'S THAT SHRIMP DOING IN MY CLOTHES? SOMEONE GRAB HIM AND RIP THEM OFF! NEXT TIME YOU KNOW I'LL FIND HIM SITTING IN MY OFFICE, COUNTING MY MONEY!

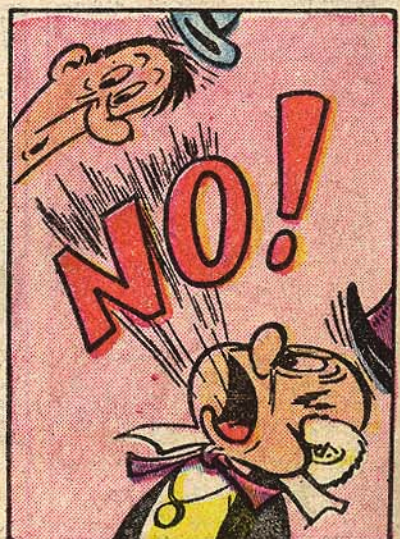
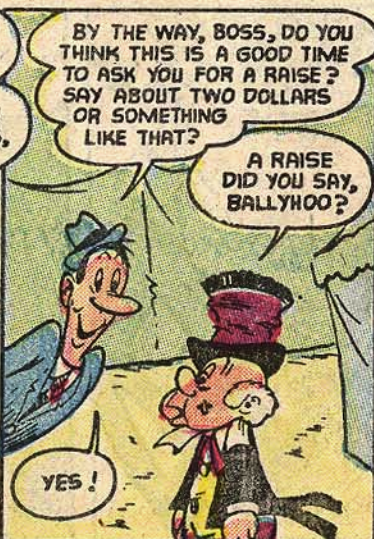
MAYBE HE IS MR. BUNGLING!

IF HE HAS THE PILLS, HE ISN'T!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



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QUIZ

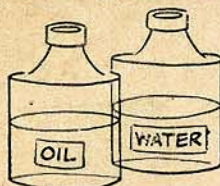
SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY:
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5. CORRECT, EXCELLENT- 4 CORRECT, GOOD-
3. CORRECT, FAIR- 2. CORRECT, POOR!

1. MOUNT EVEREST IS THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD.

TRUE _____
FALSE _____

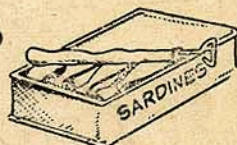


4. OIL AND WATER WILL MIX.
TRUE _____
FALSE _____



2. THE OIL IN A CAN OF SARDINES IS MORE COSTLY TO THE PACKERS THAN THE FISH.

TRUE _____
FALSE _____



5. A PINEAPPLE IS NOT A PINE NOR IS IT AN APPLE.

TRUE _____
FALSE _____



3. A TITMOUSE IS A SMALL RODENT SIMILAR TO A FIELD MOUSE

TRUE _____
FALSE _____



ANSWERS:

1. TRUE 2. TRUE 3. FALSE 4. TRUE 5. TRUE
SOAP. 5. TRUE. IT'S A BERRY.
BIRD. 4. TRUE. JUST ADD A LITTLE
IT'S A